Impervius, Maybe

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Impervius, Maybe

by lumosatnight

Summary

The first time something goes missing, it's a plate patterned with ugly farting gnomes that Harry received as a joke last year. Harry and Draco almost don't notice it gone. The second time it happens, a mug from the kitchen table disappears, containing Draco's still cooling tea. Harry thinks it's a coincidence; Draco isn't so sure. The third time, Draco's favourite Slytherin-themed throw pillow mysteriously vanishes; it reappears a week later transfigured into a red and gold monstrosity. Harry is amused; Draco is livid.

Ron and Hermione better watch out, because Draco is out for revenge.

(Sequel to Impervius, Not)

Notes

Drarry's Daily Drabbles: One continuous Drarry story told in daily drabbles, droubles, trabbles, and quadrabbles. This is supposedly a sequel, but it can also be read on its own, something short and sweet with absolutely zero angst.

It's been 100 hectic days since Harry and Draco got together in Impervius, Not. Find out what shenanigans they're up to now. Shenanigans may or may not include the misplacement of various belongings, the testing of Draco's temper, Harry laughing hysterically, Hermione reading, Ron scheming, and excessive use of wizarding swears (so do they really count as swear words then?).

Happy 100 days!

Office

“Oh god not again!”

Ron aggressively slaps a hand over his eyes in an attempt to block the disturbing image from being branded into his retinas.

“This is the third time this week. Have some self-restraint, would you?” Ron moans from behind his hand.

Harry sheepishly removes his hand from down Draco's pants and steps away from the large conference table where he just had Draco pressed flush up against.

“You could knock,” says Draco, unabashed. He readjusts his now wrinkled shirt and goes to zip his tight trousers, the ones he knows drive Harry up the wall. Unsurprisingly, when he bends over to pick up his discarded Auror robes, he can feel Harry’s stare burning into him from behind. Draco wriggles his arse subtly and arches his back as he straightens. Harry exhales loudly.

“Or, you know, don’t do it at the office. Wait until you get home like everyone else?”

“Where would be the fun in that?” Draco teases. Harry, still struggling into his own robes with cheeks flaming red, determinedly ignores their exchange.

“Just warn a bloke next time, yeah?”

“Sure,” Draco agrees easily. “We’ll be sure to let you know everytime we have sex.”

“That’s NOT—”

Leaky

“Goddamnit, again!?”

Ron hastily slams the door closed to the bathroom at the Leaky Cauldron.

“Told you to wait, didn’t I?” Hermione says smugly when Ron returns to their table with a dejected expression.

“It’s been months! I thought they would have cooled off by now.”

“Pfft,” Hermione scoffs into her butterbeer. “This is Draco we’re talking about. Harry’s been obsessed with him since first year. I doubt he’s going to lose interest anytime soon.”

“But at the Leaky of all places?”

“Well you did tell them not to at the office.”

“Grrrrr.” Ron drops his head onto the table.

Classroom

“Merlin and Morgana, this is getting ridiculous!”

Draco is propped up on the desk, long legs splayed wide with Harry settled between them.

Ron notices Harry’s *extremely* tight grip on Draco’s thighs. *That can’t possibly be comfortable,* Ron thinks. Or perhaps it’s *too* comfortable going by Draco’s shameless moan when Harry’s hands move to grip Draco’s arse.

His back facing the door, Harry hasn’t yet noticed Ron’s abrupt entrance, but Draco sure has. Draco looks over Harry’s shoulder and tilts his head in challenge, exposing his neck to Harry's lips and to Ron’s view.

Ron shudders and quickly backs away.

Party

“Where’s Harry?”

“Around,” replies Luna.

“Occupied,” says Ginny, smirking.

“What’s he doing if not showing up to his own party?”

“It’s not *what* he’s doing; it’s *who* he’s doing,” Ginny says helpfully.

Ron groans.

There’s only so many times he can catch his best mate, who he considers a brother, snogging another bloke's neck without being permanently damaged.

Enough is enough already!

Ron is *not* making the mistake of following after them again. It was supposed to be a simple meeting with the Headmistress about updating curriculum to match new Auror standards, but what Ron got was an eyeful of Harry and Draco in an abandoned Hogwarts classroom barely keeping it in their pants.

“Time to go,” Ron says, seeking out Hermione and interrupting her conversation with some former Slytherins.

“What, why?” Hermione, confused, wobbles after Ron.

“Our hosts are currently out of commission. I don’t see why we need to be here if Harry and Draco aren’t.”

“Ahh,” says Hermione knowingly, “Well it is their house-warming party; they were probably so excited they couldn’t wait.” She giggles into her wine glass, swaying slightly.

“But Grimmauld Place isn’t even a *new* house,” Ron complains, “All Harry did was replace the wallpaper.”

“And have Draco move in.”

“...and that,” Ron reluctantly agrees.

“Let’s just stay a bit longer.” Hermione reaches around Ron’s waist and squeezes affectionately. “I want another glass of wine.”

A bit longer turns into the rest of the evening. As the last guest leaves with no sign of either Harry or Draco, Ron and Hermione turn towards the piles of food left behind.

“It would be a waste to leave it here,” Ron says, eyebrows raised innocently.

Hermione narrows her eyes, which would be intimidating if not for the flush on her cheeks from her fourth glass of wine.

“Don’t even think about it.”

“Nobody’s gonna know,” Ron looks at his girlfriend with his best pleading expression.

“It’s supposed to be for Harry and Draco.”

“Nobody’s gonna kno—”

“They’re gonna know.” Hermione crosses her arms petulantly and nearly drops her wine glass in the process.

“How will they know?” asks Ron, randomly grabbing a plate from the nearest cupboard and starting to shovel food onto it. “How will they know?”

Ron and Hermione leave a newly renovated Grimmauld Place balancing a giant plate decorated with ugly farting gnomes; it holds enough leftovers to feed them for a week.

Kitchen

“Really, again?”

Ron tosses his cards down on the table.

“Didn’t even bother to finish the game first.”

Hermione makes no movement from across the table, head bowed over her lap.

“‘Mione?”

Ron reaches over and gives his girlfriend a slight shake.

“Huh?” Hermione’s head snaps up. “Oh, you’re back. I was just reading.”

“You brought a book to game night?”

Hermione shrugs. “Never know when I might need it. And I didn’t know how long your floo call would be. Neither did Harry or Draco.”

“I wasn’t gone *that* long,” Ron groans, “but *they* will be.”

Hermione shrugs again, eyes flitting back to her lap.

“Let’s just leave,” Ron says, standing abruptly and startling Hermione from her book.

He spots Draco’s cup of still cooling tea.

“And I’m taking this with me.” Ron snatches the cup and takes a large sip.

Hermione glares at him accusingly.

“Come on. They won’t even notice; they’re *busy.”*

Ron waves his wand a few times, making the kitchen area spotless.

“Look, I even cleaned.”

“Ugh, fine.” Hermione finally snaps her book shut. “If they ask, it’s all on you though.”

Ron smiles, holding Draco’s cup in his hand. “Oh, I hope they do.”

Bedroom

“Draco, c’mon, not now.”

Draco holds firmly to the collar of Harry’s shirt and gives a great yank. Harry topples forward and crashes into Draco’s solid chest.

“Why not?” Draco purrs directly into Harry’s ear. He tangles a hand in Harry’s thick black hair, pulling roughly at the strands.

Harry shivers in Draco’s hold, but doesn’t yield. *Yet.*

“Because…” Harry trails off as Draco mouths at his ear. “Ron and Hermione— *mmmm* — are downstairs waiting to finish the game.” He delicately extricates himself from Draco’s body, which has somehow managed to completely wrap itself around Harry, Draco’s long limbs draped everywhere.

“Let them wait,” Draco pouts, more like sulks, but Draco insists that *he does not sulk, he merely pouts… cutely.*

And well… *who is Harry to resist his cute pouting boyfriend?*

By the time Harry and Draco make it downstairs, Ron and Hermione are long gone.

“Look, they even tidied up,” Harry notes, taking in the neatly packaged deck of cards and sparkling table surface.

“My cup is missing,” Draco calls, banging open cupboards as he avidly searches the kitchen.

“Your cup?”

“My cup of tea! They must have taken it.”

“Why would they do that?” Harry joins Draco by the sink. Draco is currently glaring into it, as if willing his mug to magically reappear.

“I don’t know! But this is just like last time when that outrageous plate with the gnomes disappeared.”

“It’s probably a coincidence.”

“No! It’s got to be them! I wouldn’t misplace my cup; I still had tea in it!”

“Okay, okay,” Harry placates. “We’ll ask them about it next time.”

Harry moves behind Draco and begins pressing light kisses to the back of his neck.

Draco hesitates, wavering between complaining just a *little more* or allowing Harry to distract him.

“Fine, next time.”

Couch

“I swear I’m not imagining things, but my pillow is missing.”

Harry glances up from the Daily Prophet and focuses on Draco, who is tearing about the room, removing couch cushions and uplifting chairs in a whirlwind of activity.

“Draco, what’re you doing?”

“Looking for the damn pillow. You know, the Slytherin one we usually keep on the couch.”

“Maybe you brought it to the bedroom.”

“Why in Knockturn Alley would I do that? I can’t put a *green and silver* throw pillow on our *blue* bed.”

“ARGH!” Draco smashes his face into the closest cushion and screams in frustration. He reemerges moments later.

“Ron and Hermione must’ve taken it,” he declares.

“This again?” Harry sets down the paper and scoots over, making room for Draco on the couch.

“It’s the only plausible explanation.” Draco flops down dramatically and covers his forehead with the back of his hand in a pitiful replica of a damsel in distress. Eyes closed, Draco continues, “Every time they visit, something goes missing.”

“They said they haven’t taken anything.”

“They’re obviously lying.”

Harry peels back Draco’s hand and rubs it soothingly. “I’m sure it will reappear soon. Let’s wait and see.”

And reappear it does.

Game

“You have got to be joking. What the flying hippogriff is this?!”

Draco is absolutely *disgusted* by the red and gold monstrosity currently residing on his couch.

The tasteful green and silver fabric has been transformed into a terrifying red and adorned with hundreds of appalling sequins carved with little roaring lions. The edges are covered in an endless mass of waving tassels, creating a shimmering yellow mane.

The transfigured pillow is so outlandishly Gryffindor that only a Weasley would enjoy it.

And if the Weasel wants it that way, then 2 can play that game.

Let the games begin.

Classy Cooking

“This was excellent, Hermione. Thank you for cooking.”

“I'm so glad you liked it, Draco,” Hermione beams. “It's one of my mum's recipes.”

“Then she has excellent taste, unlike some people here.” Draco gives a scathing glance over to Ron, who is preoccupied scraping his plate clean. “Rowena's riches! What is that jumper you're wearing, Ron? It's hideous.”

Everyone turns to look at the jumper in question, an old lumpy brown thing that perhaps belonged to Great-Grandpa Weasley decades ago.

“Wah?” Ron says, mouth stuffed full of food. “It's comfortable.”

“It's also long past its expiration date and no amount of preserving charms can help it.”

Ron swallows in one huge gulp. “Piss off. I can wear what I want,” he grumbles, reaching for his glass of pumpkin juice.

“I’ve been trying to convince him to toss it for years,” Hermione whispers conspiratorially to Draco.

“Oi, whose side are you on?” Ron splutters in fake outrage.

Hermione ignores him.

“I'm gonna clean up. Harry, would you mind lending an extra wand, please?” She levitates the empty dishes into the hallway and waits for Harry to catch up.

Ron and Draco are left at the table glaring stonily at each other.

Juicy Jumper

“I know it was you,” Draco drawls after a sufficient amount of glaring.

“No idea what you're on about.” Ron casually takes a sip of pumpkin juice— a little too casually in Draco’s expert opinion.

“Don't play stupid. It's already not a good look on you.”

Ron scoffs. “Like I said, I don't know what you're talking about.”

Draco reaches across the table and snatches the cup of pumpkin juice from Ron's grubby hold.

“Hey!”

“That abominable jumper you're wearing, does it have sentimental value?”

“No, I just like it.”

“Hmm,” says Draco, twirling Ron's cup in his long pale fingers, “It would be a shame if something were to… happen to it.”

“Why would—”

Before Ron can react, Draco lunges across the table and dumps the remaining pumpkin juice down the front of Ron's lumpy brown jumper.

“GAH! What was that for?”

“Sorry,” Draco says, not looking at all apologetic. “My hand slipped.”

“Yeah, I'll say. Along with your entire body and your very large head.”

Draco scowls.

Harry and Hermione reappear at the table, their laughter abruptly cut off when they take in the scene before them.

“Ron's just spilled his pumpkin juice. He should probably change. Who knew that old rotting jumpers didn't have a working impervius charm built in,” Draco says before Ron has a chance to open his big mouth.

“That’s not what happened! If Draco hadn’t—”

“Ron, go change before it dries and becomes sticky,” Hermione orders in that authoritative way of hers.

Ron, aware of his own mortality, doesn't argue further, but he does glare unhappily at Draco as he stomps out of the room.

He returns in a new, less lumpy jumper and the night resumes.

At the end of the evening, when the Golden Trio is ensconced in heartfelt goodbyes *(Merlin, Gryffindors are so sentimental. They see each other at least five times a week as it is.),* Draco discreetly casts a summoning spell.

A lump of slightly damp brown fabric zooms into his hand. Draco quickly shrinks it down and hides it in his pocket.

“Ready to go, darling?” Draco says, coming up behind Harry.

“All set,” Harry responds, turning towards him and grabbing his hand.

“See you soon!” Harry calls back to Ron and Hermione as Draco whisks him into the floo.

Draco glances over Harry's shoulder and smirks right at Ron as the green flames swirl him away.

Silver Silk

“Oh no, no, no, no, no. I’m not wearing that!”

Ron stares incredulously at the silver shirt hanging conspicuously in his wardrobe, the shirt that was most definitely not there yesterday.

He holds it up in front of him. The silk fabric shimmers tauntingly.

“Try it on.” Hermione barely stifles a laugh behind her hand.

So Ron tries it on.

The shirt is *tight.* But *he’s always been broader than Draco,* Ron thinks smugly, *even back at Hogwarts*.

Except, the shirt is *so tight* that it hugs Ron’s body in a positively obscene way. His pectoral muscles bulge whenever he moves and the silver silk glimmers every time he breaths.

At least his arms are covered, Ron supposes, but there isn’t much left to the imagination with the way the sleeves cling to his biceps and almost tear when he accidentally flexes.

And don’t get Ron started on the plunging neckline that exposes half his chest. If he wanted to show off this much of his chest hair, he mind as well not wear any shirt at all.

“Mmm, Draco may be onto something,” says Hermione, assessing the shirt, eyes hooded with lust.

So maybe the shirt isn’t *all* bad.

Only One

“We can’t take all the shoes,” Hermione whisper-argues, “What will he wear to work then?”

“He can just borrow some of Harry’s,” Ron says dismissively.

“I don’t think he can. Remember people kept stealing Harry’s things because they wanted a memento of the Chosen One,”—Hermione makes a face—“so Harry had to put repulsion spells on pretty much everything. If Draco tries to wear Harry’s shoes, he’ll just be repelled out of them.”

“Fine, fine. What should we do then?”

Hermione thinks for a moment. “Leave him one pair— only one.”

Ron grins. “Oh, I know just the pair.”

Fuzzy Furry

Susan is confusion.

“I am confused,” says Susan.

“Don’t,” Draco growls.

“I just… why?”

Draco whirls around in his seat and purposely crosses his legs. The absurdly fuzzy mukluks he’s wearing swish with the movement, the long fur on the knee-high boots just begging for Susan to run a hand through them.

They look so soft, so tempting.

“These are the only shoes I have right now.”

“Where are your others?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

Susan shrugs, used to Draco’s fowl moods and avoidant tendencies.

“Can I touch them?” she asks instead.

Draco sighs. “If you must.”

Prized Possession

“Going somewhere?” Ginny's voice drawls.

Draco jumps in surprise and nearly tumbles down the stairs.

“Toilet?” Draco says innocently.

Ginny points around the corner, the exact opposite direction of the stairs.

“Right,” says Draco, “Forgot.”

“You’ve been coming to the Burrow for how long now?” Ginny says flatly.

To be precise, Draco has been tagging along ever since Harry and Draco started dating and Mrs. Weasley insisted on everyone bringing their “special friends” to weekly family dinners.

“Woop.” Draco pops the *P.* “Silly me. I’ve been so forgetful lately.”

Ginny rolls her eyes. “I have no idea how you survived being a Death Eater. Your acting is atrocious.”

She flips her long red hair over her shoulder and gives Draco a baleful look.

Draco opens his mouth to respond, then instantly closes it as Luna comes into view.

“Hello Draco,” she says, noticing Draco’s precarious position on the stairs, “Are you heading to Ron’s room now? I saw Harry with Hermione on the porch. Shall I fetch him?”

Ginny suddenly looks up at Draco with laser-focused interest.

Draco self-consciously clears his throat. “That’s quite alright, Luna. There’s no need.”

“Why are you going to Ron’s room?” Ginny interrupts.

Draco struggles internally. In terms of Weasleys, girl Weasley honestly isn’t terrible. In fact, out of all the Weasleys (minus Mrs. Weasley and her superb cooking), she might be the most tolerable.

“I’m stealing Ron’s most prized possession,” Draco says haltingly. He *really* really hopes girl Weasley won’t immediately rat him out because of some unforeseen sibling loyalty.

“I’m in,” Ginny says with far too much enthusiasm.

Draco gapes at her.

“You aren’t going to try stopping me or tattle to Hermione?”

Ginny snorts. “Is that what you want? Because if I were you, I’d take all the help I can get. Ron’s old room is like a minefield to navigate alone.”

Draco steadies himself with the stair railing and avoids looking straight at Ginny.

“Well, um, thanks… I guess.”

“Don’t thank me yet,” she says, smirking at Draco’s discomfort.

Luna glances back and forth between them.

“Have fun,” she says, leaning into Ginny’s space and lightly brushing their noses together. Ginny does a little head tilt in return. It’s a strangely intimate gesture and Draco debates momentarily looking away.

Luna eventually wanders off and disappears back into the Burrow.

Ginny addresses Draco. “Ready to make Ron’s life miserable?”

“I’m always ready.”

Dingleberry Distraction

“Did he get it?”

“Oh yeah. That sticking charm was tricky but we got it.” Ginny lopes over to her girlfriend. “Thanks for distracting Ron.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Luna says coyly, “I merely told him about the 3rd dingleberry infestation of Northern Wales.” Luna sways as she talks, her long hair swishing perilously close to her glass of purple liquid.

“And what did Ron say?”

“Not much.”

“Typical Ron,” Ginny tsks, “only caring about boring Auror stuff.”

“Though he did say Draco was a dingleberry.”

“Completely inaccurate.”

“Mmm.” Luna sips her purple drink.

“Ron is the dingleberry.”

Boasting Beauty

“Ronniekins!” George throws his arms wide as Ron shuffles into the shop. “My lil’ blast ended skrewt… the Dumble to my Dore… my brother from another mother!”

George finishes with the startled old lady at the till and makes a beeline for Ron.

“George, we have the same mother.”

The joke shop is relatively calm for a Thursday afternoon. The few customers there hurriedly scurry away from a grumpy-looking Ron.

“It’s an expression,” George says, engulfing Ron in a massive hug.

He drags Ron past the So-Sour-They’ll-Suck-Your-Face-Off lollipops and makes a sharp right into the Save-A-Sickle sale aisle.

“Here.” George throws a bag of Froot-y Toot-y gummies at Ron. “Do something useful while you’re here. Help me reprice these.”

“It's my day off,” Ron grumbles.

Ron trails behind George as they stroll down the aisle, adding stickers and rearranging shelves.

“So what brings you to my humble abode?” George inquires, “Looking for more edible rope? I always knew Hermione was a wild one.”

George winks. Ron blanches.

“I need something for Draco,” Ron says to George’s utter surprise.

“Draco? Isn't he dating Harry? ARE YOU THE OTHER WOMAN!?,” George yells dramatically, hand slapped over his heart.

A scary-looking woman with metal spikes in her ears peeps into the aisle and glares at Ron accusingly.

“NO!” Ron frantically shushes George. “I need something to *prank* Draco. He stole my Cannons poster and *needs to pay!”*

“Let me think,” says George.

At the display of Make-Your-Own-Mole Kits, George suddenly claps excitedly.

“I got it! I've been working on something new for our Boasting Beauty line recently.”

“Sounds perfect for Draco.”

“Full disclaimer,” George says seriously, “I haven't perfected the formula yet, so we don't know how long the effects will last.”

“Eh,” Ron responds, unperturbed, “That’ll be Draco's problem to worry about.”

"It looks good on you."

“I am going to murder him!” Draco snarls.

Draco sits in front of the bedroom vanity, desperately trying to comb through his hair to no avail. Whenever he thinks he’s making progress, it snaps back into place.

Harry, the terrible boyfriend that he is, hasn’t stopped laughing since Draco emerged from the bath smelling strongly of apples with his hair piled high on his head, also, in the shape of a giant apple.

When Draco had cast a *finite incantatem,* it only resulted in turning his hair an obnoxious green, making his head look even more apple-like. Harry, *the git,* actually fell off the bed clutching his stomach at the sight.

“Stoooooop,” Draco whines, chucking the comb at Harry still convulsing on the floor with laughter.

“I’m s-sorry,” Harry hiccups through his snorting, “It looks good on you.”

“Bullshit.”

“It *does.”* Harry retrieves his dignity from the carpet and walks over to Draco.

“You look good in everything,” Harry says sincerely, resting his chin on Draco’s shoulder.

Draco harrumphs, slightly mollified.

After another hour of useless combing, Draco finally surrenders.

“We gotta hit him where it hurts,” he says passionately, meeting Harry’s eyes in the mirror, “right in the heart.”

"Up, up."

“More to the left… Now, up, up… Stop! You’re going to drop it.”

“Tell me, why are we stealing their dining table again?” Harry strains to say.

“Because,” Draco huffs, “what is more important to Ron than eating? *Nothing.* Therefore, we are taking his main method of food consumption.”

“I see,” Harry puffs, struggling to keep the rather large table levitating steadily in front of him. “And, uh, why can’t we shrink this down further?”

“If we shrink it more, it will mess up the warming and cleaning charms placed on it.” Draco pokes at Harry’s shoulder. “Did you pay any attention at all during Auror training?”

“Um,” says Harry.

“Hm?” says Draco, raising an expectant eyebrow.

“Well you see… there was this very attractive blonde that kept distracting me.”

“Ah,” Draco nods in understanding. “Flattery will get you everywhere,” he says cheerily, “except for out of this.”

With only a little more effort and instruction from Draco, Harry levitates the table into the open fireplace.

“Perfect. It fits,” Draco grins.

“Barely.”

“Shush, you.”

Draco squeezes into the fireplace next to the table. “Harry, c’mon, come grab the other side.”

With Harry squished onto the other side, they floo away.

"Don't you need a sacrifice?"

Neville is nervous.

“You’re making me nervous,” says Neville, looking around at the strangely empty space in Ron and Hermione’s flat. “Is this a summoning circle?”

All that is left of their dining area is a circle of precisely placed chairs, each one holding a single candle.

“Because if it is, don’t you need a sacrifice for satanic rituals? I’m sure Hagrid would give you an extra flobberworm if you asked him.”

Neville hesitantly inches towards the door.

“In fact, why don’t I go ask him now?”

With that, Neville bolts.

“Told you the candles were too much,” says Ron.

"It's not gonna fit."

“It’s not gonna fit.”

“Maybe if I…”

“No, not like that.”

“How about this?”

“Ow, ow, ow— stop.”

Ron and Hermione lay panting on the drawing room floor.

“It’s not gonna fit,” Hermione says again.

“I think you’re right,” Ron grudgingly agrees.

“We’ll have to find another way.”

Ron sluggishly stands, bones creaking and joints cracking. He delivers a rough kick to the extremely large object sitting in front of the fireplace.

“Damn Draco for adding so many extra charms.”

“It could’ve been Harry.” Hermione also rises from her position on the ground.

“No, it was definitely Draco, the pretentious wanker.”

Hermione comes to stand by the fireplace next to Ron. She puts her hands on her hips and tilts her head as she assesses the situation.

“What should we do?” she asks Ron, “Do we have a backup plan?”

“If we can’t floo it, we’ll have to float it.”

“What?” Hermione drops her hands in surprise. “All the way back to our place?”

“It’s the only way,” Ron says with determination.

He raises his wand with a focused expression. “I’ll take this end. You take the other one.”

Hermione shakes her head in disapproval, but follows Ron’s instructions nonetheless.

Just before passing through the door, Hermione abruptly stops, nearly causing Ron to stumble into her.

“Wait,” she says, “You already cast a muggle repelling charm, right?”

“Ugh…” Ron says guiltily.

“Must I do everything around here?” Hermione sighs.

After making sure the proper charms are in place so that the Ministry of Magic doesn’t come knocking on their door— Harry and Draco’s door, more like —for breaching the Statute of Secrecy, Ron and Hermione teeter outside.

They levitate the extremely large object across the street, around the corner, and down the couple blocks between their flat and Grimmauld Place.

"Is that?"

Meanwhile in the park across the road…

Dean spots 2 figures crossing the street at the southwest intersection. He pauses mid-kick, eyes widening in surprise. He motions for Seamus to stop focusing on the ball and squint across the street instead.

Dean is discombobulated; Seamus is stumped.

“Is that—” asks Dean.

“It is,” replies Seamus.

“With a—” asks Dean.

“Yup,” replies Seamus.

“Should we go help them?” asks Dean.

“Nah, they’ve got it,” replies Seamus.

“Okay,” shrugs Dean.

“Now kick the ball,” grunts Seamus.

“So impatient,” huffs Dean.

Dean kicks the ball. For a muggle sport, Seamus really ain’t bad.

"Whatever you want."

“Did you see his face when I petrified him?” Draco comically forms his mouth into a large *O* and opens his eyes wide.

“It was spectacular,” praises Harry.

“Cocky bastard. Thought he could get away, even when we cornered him.”

Draco drapes an arm around Harry’s neck and leans forward until their lips are only a hairsbreadth apart. “We should really thank Robards for pairing us together. Crime has gone down at least 50% since we became Auror partners.”

“Oh? Who’s the cocky one now?” Harry pulls Draco even closer.

“I’ll show you cock-y,” Draco breathes, reaching for Harry’s belt.

“Wait,” says Harry, pausing Draco’s fumbling, “After the last time in the hallway, you complained about rug burn for days.”

Draco nudges Harry towards the nearest door. “Then let’s find somewhere more comfortable.”

They trip through the doorway and into the room.

Harry and Draco take a few moments to stare blankly.

The room is…

EMPTY

“I can’t believe they took—”

“I *know.”*

They break into hysterical laughter.

“Absolutely ridiculous,” Draco says, tears rolling down his face.

“Completely absurd,” Harry agrees, clinging to Draco breathlessly.

Recovering himself, Draco says, “We’ll get them good for this.”

“Whatever you want,” Harry promises.

"What the fuck?"

Someone is here.

Ron can feel it as soon as he steps inside the flat: the residual hum of magic hanging in the air, the subtle ruffle of something misplaced.

Hermione strides in after him. Ron immediately shushes her with a finger to her lips. Eyes wide, Hermione nods in understanding and Ron drops his hand.

They do a quick thorough sweep of the first floor and find nothing.

“Upstairs?” Ron whispers. Hermione nods again.

“I’ll go first,” says Ron, setting his jaw.

Ron, with Hermione following, carefully starts upstairs, silencing their footsteps on the creaky steps.

They creep down the hallway, slowly inching towards the closed bedroom door.

CRASH!

The piercing sound of breaking glass makes both Ron and Hermione jump.

Through the door they hear a muffled swear and a pained groan.

Sensing a vulnerable moment, Ron sprints forward and bursts through the door, ready to hurl stunners at whoever is behind it.

“WHAT THE FUCK!?!” Ron screams at the sight that greets him. “What the *actual* fuck!?”

Hermione pokes her head in and also screams.

“OH MY GODRIC!”

Harry and Draco are positioned on the bed wearing entirely too little clothing. Harry is spread out on hands and knees with Draco pressed up behind him. Ron is doing his very best not to notice *how closely* Harry and Draco are pressed together— *especially* as Draco moves his bony hips back and *holy hell, did Draco just slide in again?*

“What the fuck?” Ron asks for, hopefully, the final time. “Why the *fuck* are you *fucking* on our *fucking* bed?”

Harry and Draco separate. Harry scrambles under the covers, while Draco sits cross-legged on the bed, annoyingly unaffected by the entire situation.

“Well, you stole ours,” Draco answers, voice dry, “Where else were we supposed to shag?”

“Literally anywhere else.”

“Like on your couch? Or how about the kitchen—”

“No, no, stop.” Ron scrunches his eyes shut, willing away those unnecessary mental images. “You can have your bed back.”

“Cheers,” says Draco with a smug grin, “But not right now. We’ll grab it on the way out.”

Draco settles further on the bed, long limbs stretching like a spoiled cat.

“Ugh! Impossible!” Ron throws his hands up and stomps angrily from the room.

“Change the sheets when you're done,” Hermione says in her no-nonsense voice, expression stern.

But as she’s about to slam the door shut, she winks.

"You're on."

Chapter Notes

> Chapter 23 is the last chapter in the main storyline. This is a bonus scene set between Chapter 9 and Chapter 10 when Harry follows Hermione to the kitchen on the pretense of cleaning up, leaving Draco and Ron behind to have a very mature staring contest at the table.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Truce?" Hermione sticks out her hand.

"Please," Harry replies fervently.

He clasps Hermione's hand. A brief flare of magic passes between them.

Hermione leans back against the counter, relieved.

"I'm so glad I only have those two to worry about."

"You're telling me," Harry says adamantly, "It's scary being on your bad side."

Hermione sticks her tongue out.

"Who do you think will win?"

"Draco," Harry says with certainty, "He's *very* stubborn."

"Unlikely," says Hermione, "Don't forget Ron grew up with the twins."

"Wanna bet?" Harry waggles his eyebrows.

Hermione narrows her eyes. "Ten galleons."

"Fifteen."

"You're on," says Hermione.

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading the continuation of my drabble Drarry story!

If anyone would like to draw Draco in a pair of super fuzzy mukluks, I would be absolutely ecstatic and probably squeal like the Harry Potter fangirl that I am.

I've been wondering… does anything past 400 words still count as a drabble 🤔 ? Like are quintabbles or sexabbles a thing? Can I make them a thing? Septabbles, octabbles, novabbles… the list can go on forever. Although I'm really feeling the decabble at the moment.

I have more to the story planned, so stay tuned. See you again soon! 886 :)

Works inspired by this one

Impervius, Maybe by lumosatnight - a Podfic by Cailynwrites

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!